The Weekly Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. | THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. | TERMS--$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 12. | TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1874. | WHOLE NUMBER, 896.

Choice Poetry.

THE EMBARKATION OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS,

To engage in the Battle of Plattsburg, fought September 11th, 1814. Suggested by Thompson's Painting of the scene.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

September's woods are fresh and green,
September's skies are bright;
September's early morning glows
With its encrimsoning light;
O'er upland slopes, a dewy film
In vaporing beauty clings,
Soft as the radiance fancy's veil
O'er human prospects flings.
Serene afar the purpled cones
Of the Green Mountains stand,
Like watchmen, armed sentinels
Guarding the sleeping land.
Serene afar Champaign's fair lake
Spreads out its azure sheet,
Washing its wood-engirdled shores,
Washing the mountain feet.
The foliage of the lifeless groves
Droops o'er the Thousand Isles;
And 'mid those isles of emerald green,
The blue lake sleeps and smiles.

But hark! a sound, a muffled roar,
Like distant thunder in the skies;
And lo! white curling, see the smoke
Sulphureous arise.
It is, it is the cannon peal,
It is the smoky breath of war;
It is the battle's muttering roar,
Re-echoing afar.

And far and wide o'er Vermont hills
That 'larum sounds again,
O'er the Green Mountain's piny sides,
O'er upland, glen, and plain;
From steeples in the far-off hills,
O'er hamlet, grange, and farm,
The swinging bells, with frantic peal,
Ring out the harsh alarm.
The hunter in the lonesome wood
Turns from the red-deer chase,
Grasps firm his rifle in his hand,
And seeks the battle-place;
The fisher, in his leaky boat,
Far up some wave-washed strand,
With hurried paddle seeks the shore,
To join the mustering band;
The farmer in the harvest field
Drops scythe and sickle keen,
Forsakes the plow, and leaves the steer,
Amid his corn-fields green;
And, buckling on his ox-horn flask,
And deer-skin bullet-sack,
Snatches his Continental gun,
And seeks the battle-track.
The tocsin sounds; the tramp of men
Fills yellow road and village street;
The flag its stars and stripes unfolds;
The fife is blown, the drum is beat;
And onward, with impetuous haste,
Muster the hardy sons of toil;
Of daring look and giant frame,
The sinewy tillers of the soil.

High on a green and breezy mound,
O'erlooking Champlain's sheet of blue,
They gathered for the bloody work,
Undisciplined, yet sternly true;
Swearing—come life, come death, their swords
Red sepulchres should hew!

The 'larum sounds—a hundred boats
Lie drawn upon the pebbly shore;
But strong arms launch them to the wave,
And urge them with the laboring oar;
Till soon with Macomb's files they stand,
Where Prevost's batteries roar.
And well those brave New England men
Maintain'd their ground that day,
Before the withering storm of shot
That tore their ranks away;
But steadfast 'gainst the bayonet-shock,
They stood in firm array.
Meantime, the fleet of England comes,
Gun-boat and galley grim,
A dark flotilla, o'er whose decks
The meteor standards swim;
Where Downie, on his frigate's deck,
'Mid smothering smoke, and cannon blast,
Maintain'd his country's honor well,
And died a hero's death at last.
And dauntless through that cannonade,
McDonough's voice rang out,
Until triumphantly arose
Columbia's victor-shout.

O sad that evening sun shone down
On broken spar and bloody deck;
The starr'd flag flying from each mast—
The English fleet a helpless wreck!
On Prevost, with his bleeding ranks
Reeling and broken in defeat,
While fierce the rugged mountaineers
Follow'd their sad retreat!

Select Story.

JONCE SMILEY,

THE BOY WHO HAD NO FRIENDS.

A TALE OF A PAST GENERATION.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER SIXTH.

IN WHICH THE DEACON'S SON IS INTRODUCED—A BOY THAT HAD FRIENDS; AND IN WHICH WE TAKE LEAVE OF THE DEACON'S WIFE.

Jump we a few years. To follow the adventures of our several heroes and heroines too closely, would make a story as long as the Columbiad—an infliction which we solemnly promise the reader not to impose. Let him suppose Jonce fairly quartered in the West, and fairly forgotten in the East, by all save two, the mother who felt her love increase with his absence, and little Margaret, who, in her accumulating cares and responsibilities, missed sadly her only confidant and adviser. But it is strictly pertinent, and essential to our story, to tell how and why those responsibilities had thus early gathered about the little orphan.

Mrs. Deacon Underwood had absolutely "fretted out her soul-case." Excuse the homely expression—no polished phrase were half so expressive. A continual habit of seeking something of which to complain, and at which to scold, had so attuned her mind to discord, that nothing could strike it as pleasant or harmonious. To Margaret, this continual complaint and hectoring had become as a matter of course. It had even ceased to annoy her, on her own account; but as she grew older, and perceived how it embittered the Deacon's otherwise placid temperament, and how it wore upon the woman herself, she had learned to pity her benefactors. Benefactors they were; the Deacon without qualification—his wife with the single draw-back with which the reader must be by this time fully acquainted.

Long imagining fictitious griefs, or magnifying trifles, Mrs. Underwood had at last encountered a real sorrow. Her only child, a favorite son, to whom allusion has been already made in this story—the life of her life—the only human being in her circle at whom she had never scolded, and to whom she had never spoken unkindly, repaid her solicitude by ingratitude and neglect. At college, he learned to regard her as a country person, to whom he was, to be sure, indebted for some early nursing before he could go alone, and also for some little suffering endured in his behalf; but all these trifles he considered as more than offset by the obligation which circumstances imposed upon him of acknowledging her acquaintance; and he was furthermore fully of the opinion that it became her to pay for the privilege of calling him son, at a rate somewhat onerous. These sentiments he was so far from taking pains to conceal, that he was at no little trouble to make her pretty distinctly understand them; particularly when he abused her because his father would not mortgage his farm to find the young gentleman in pocket money—a course which magnanimous young men are very apt to take in their wisdom. Torturing the mother to open the father's strong box is a truly ingenious and generally effective mode of procedure.

Some of the young man's college friends had little trouble in placing things in what they called their true light before the young collegian. They showed him that he was bound to see life, theatres, and the gaming-table, and et cetera, included—that life was not to be seen without money—that parents are naturally bound to deny themselves salt that their children may drink champagne; that the heir is only spending his own in driving his father to the poor-house; and that the quicker that consummation is effected, the sooner all parties will understand their position.

Under such hopeful tuition, Henry Underwood tormented his mother, till his extravagance broke her heart; and after two "rustications" for misconduct at college, came home—EXPELLED. His mothhr took to her bed, and never rose again.

And now came into exercise the affection of the charity-girl for her mistress; the assiduous care, the patient watching, the invariable sweetness of temper, never ruffled by the petulant exactions of the invalid. Like the very genius of order, Margaret presided over the household. All went on as quietly as if a loud or cross word had never been uttered in the house, and the honest Deacon, in the simplicity of his heart, blessed the child that so little confusion disturbed the invalid; little suspecting that under ordinary circumstances, or without the absolute need of stillness, the noise which his better half was wont to make, could possibly be dispensed with.

But a quieter hour still, came. Mrs. Underwood had secured her son one afternoon from his idle amusements—for she was dying, and he *felt it now*. Bitterly did he reproach himself with his neglect of so kind a parent—anxiously did he struggle to convince himself that he had not before *known* her danger—he could not avoid the consciousness that he *might* have known it, had he been but a thousandth part as attentive to her situation as the orphan child, who was bound to her by no ties of blood, but who was grateful for the privilege of a menial's situation, while he had hardly thanked her for descending to the grave for him! And if that boy, amid his grief, promised all his dying mother could desire, he did well, and from good promptings,—however carelessly he might sometimes have forgotten the pledges into which he entered, for when he thus smoothed her dying pillow, he was sincere—and she died happy. One hand was held by her husband—the other by her son. Each she pressed in her last struggles. The father and son were too much affected to weep—Margaret's childish grief, not less sincere and deep, found vent in a piercing shriek. The last glance of the dying woman's eye was one of gratitude to the orphan; her last smile—for in death she smiled—effaced the recollection of all her petulence of habit but not of malice, and enshrined her memory in the Orphan's Heart.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

HOW JONCE GREW AND THROVE; AND HOW JUDGE LYNCH AND THE INDIANS CONVERTED BERRY'S SQAT INTO BERRYSVILLE.

Men are sometimes like trees—not only will they endure transplanting, but they profit by it. Particularly is this the case when the removal takes place before they have grown too old to learn new habits, and to accommodate themselves to new associations and circumstances. Now, our hero's escape from his unpropitious surroundings at Hardscrabble took place precisely at the age when he was best fitted to go into training as a pioneer in the wilderness; and inasmuch as he left behind him nothing, the surrender of which he could be supposed very bitterly to regret, he entered upon his new life with a zest unalloyed. He loved "the grand old woods;" his spirit was elevated by the freedom of untrammeled nature; and the outgushings of his unsophisticated wonder were not cramped and terrified into silence by petty individual tyranny, or that worst and most despotic of all slavery, the crushing contempt of his fellows. He had trials and hardships, it is true; but they were manly ones, and in the true equality of a new settlement, they elevated him to a common consequence with the men who shared the privations and dangers of pioneer life in the woods. Every one on the border counts one; women and children even have their important posts to occupy; and a stalwart young chap like Jonce Smiley, no longer cowed, abashed and spirit-broken, but confident, ingenuous and elastic, had, of course, a prominent importance in the village of Berrysville, so denominated from our emigrant friend, who was the first individual who, in that vicinity, "stuck an axe in a tree."

Long before Berrysville rejoiced in that title, it boasted the more euphonious one of Berry's Squat. Start not at its inelegance, for according to the transcendental idea of poetry, the word squat is exceedingly poetical, as regular a tinkle from the rill of Helicon as ever babbled on poet's tongue. Ralph Waldo Emerson says that the first man who called another an ass was a fool; and hence it is evident that the man who dubs a fellowman by that complimentary title is merely quoting poetry. If Emerson is right, if there is anything in pithiness of language, in appositeness of figure, and in pregnant meaning in one simple word, "squat," as applied to those who sit down uninvited upon Uncle Sam's land, is certainly poetry. The word is already the parent of others, and may be yet of many more. Beside the obvious "squatter," which is rendered "one who squats," we have "absquatulate," from the Latin particle "ab" from, or out of, and "squat," before discussed, meaning, to relinquish a squat, or get out of another's squat or your own as soon as possible, and perchance as covertly as may be. Absquatulate has been a new coinage as much in favor with defaulters, as the coinage of the U. S. Mint—and, indeed, affection for the one would appear naturally to be connected with a predilection for the other.

To return to our friends. Mr. Berry was most certainly a squatter, and so was his wife, and Jonce and the children all were squatters. In that respect, the Eastern population has the advantage of the Western only in the fact that our ancestors, or those under whose title we in the East live, did our squatting for us, a couple of hundred years ago, more or less; while the fathers of recent Western settlers, having neglected to do this good turn for their children, the children are compelled to do it for themselves. Squatting, in the abstract, is only improving a tract which might else remain unimproved, with the understanding that whenever the tract does come into the market, the squatter has a prescriptive right to buy at the government price, whether there be a pre-emption law or not, applicable to the case. If there be a pre-emption law, all is well and good; if not, the common law of the border, which supplies statute deficiencies, settles the case—we allude to the code generally spoken of as the code Lynch; infinitely more simple than the code Napoleon, though the little Corsican made simplicity the proudest feature of his famous body of statutes. And the code Lynch has another recommendation which is peculiar to itself, as belonging to no other. Not only does it supply the deficiencies of the common statute law, but it supplies the lack of officers of the laws of the land, where those laws are supposed to be in force. This unwritten law has been fearfully abused; but with all the enormities committed in its name, it is a fact unquestionable that more mischief would have been done in its absence.

A "squat" becomes, after the cabin is erected, a recognized property by the customs of the "squatters," and there are even nice rules which distinguish whether a man's squat covers a whole, a half, or a quarter section. Brother squatters never interfere with the claims of brothers, and when Uncle Sam puts a tract in the market, it is a thing understood on the tract, if nowhere else, that the "squatted" sections have already a purchaser, who is not to be compelled by any competitor to pay a premium upon the land; the eligibility of which, by "squatting" thereon, he has made apparent. Consequently, many speculators who travel West under the delusion that they can take immediate advantage of the explorations of the squatters, are shortly undeceived upon their arrival; for an attempt to buy over one squatter's head is pretty sure to make the whole community rather troublesome neighbors, if, indeed, it does not procure from them a ride—not in the easiest method of movement known in these days of progress. The only way of proceeding, if you find a man on the land you wish to purchase, is, first, to ask him, "What will you take for your squat?" and if the bargain between you and the settler can be sealed, his claim becomes your claim, his former defenders are your defenders, and he "totes his plunder off," and "bodyaciously absquatulates" himself, to go and squat elsewhere, and create a new claim, for some one else to buy.

Several years' culture had made "Berry's Squat" a beautiful clearing, and its situation on the bank of one of the great tributaries of a great river in the West caused our friend's estate to be regarded as one of the very best in the Territory. The political managers, moved upon by the fact that many of them were directly interested, no less than by the natural advantages of the place, determined that the County Seat should include our friend's squat; but as a preliminary, and before they let this intention be public, the attempt was made to buy out Berry's claim. But they happened upon the wrong customer.

In the first place, Berry himself was not one of those who squat "as a profession," and preferring wild adventure and border life to the approach of civilization, are ever ready to sell out, when a fair offer is made. He had set up his family altar in the wilderness, and made it blossom about him as the rose. Successive comfort after necessity, convenience after comfort, and luxury after convenience, had been added to the homestead. His children had grown up there about him, and already, in his mind's eye he had portioned them off upon the liberal tract which, after the usage of the country, he had appropriated; and for which, thanks to his frugality and industry, and with the proceeds of certain "village lots" which he proposed to sell, he would now be ready to pay Uncle Sam.

And in the next place—first, indeed, in Berry's thought, it would have broken his old wife's heart to part with a home which, at first the scene of privation, inconvenience, and sorrow, had now become the home of comfort, peace, and plenty. Everything about her had a history and an interest; this, as the memento of their home in the East, and of their wanderings on the road; that, as the creation of necessity, to supply some remembered convenience in her father's house. Every smoked timber in the little cabin seemed to have a history; every tree seen from the door had its associations; the very moon which shone upon their Summer evenings, appeared to the little family to be the moon peculiar of Berry's Squat, and a different luminary from the one which shines on other places.

And our old friend Jonce, at the opening of this story, a boy who had no friends—now a stout young woodsman, who asked no friendship except a "fair field and no favor"—he to leave Berry's Squat! He to leave Little Muddy Creek, where in boyhood he had trapped musquash, and Big Muddy River, which he had forded, on necessity, at the very most perilous point of the Spring freshets! He to quit the vicinity of this spot, where he shot the great "b'ar," and that, where he treed the "painter!" He to leave the yellow corn to be harvested by others in the clearings where his own right arm had levelled the forest trees! He to abdicate the second home, where the sagacity of Berry had induced him to "squat" over land enough for them both! Never, until death bade him relinquish all earthly possessions, would Jonce Smiley surrender what he considered his absolute property—as absolute as if the formality of taking out Uncle Sam's patent had already been performed.

But the tract was declared in market by advertisement; the Land Office was opened, and Eastern and other speculators had already marked the Berry Squat. Jonathan accompanied his old master, and were present, equal to the sale; and other squatters, both from the vicinity of Berry's Squat, and from all the country for many miles about the office, "were along." Berry's tract, as the most eligible, was first pounced upon, and the strangers, who had in vain attempted to induce the holder to "sell his squat," came prepared to buy and re-sell it over his head. The bargain was all but consummated, poor Berry having maintained an irresistible silence, while the terms of the sale were carried above his reach. The principal agent in the business was just ready to receive his completed papers. He was a young lawyer from the far East, and was flush with the then current and undisputed bank notes. He had observed that the squatters had one by one disappeared, all save Berry, who leaned disconsolate against the door, as if about to lose his all; and Jonathan Smiley, who paced rapidly before the house, as if he thought that by so doing he might arrest the cruel escheat of possessions, by all backwood usage honestly theirs, upon payment to the Government of the standard price. The young lawyer, with an indefinite feeling, half fear, half bravado, was hesitatingly hurrying the Government official. A sudden and terrific war-whoop rung in his ears, and starting to the door, he saw there assembled what, at first, seemed a party of *bona fide* Indians. Even his unpracticed eye was not long in discovering that they were amateurs; and their true character, the absence of the squatters who were present in the early part of the day, left him at no loss to divine. And now, while the stranger watched, commenced a very amusing and significant little drama—a drama which appeared less to interest Jonathan Smiley, than did the varying expression of the speculator's countenance. The principal chief declared that one of the subordinates had driven another Indian from his wigwam, and turned his squaw and little ones into the woods shelterless; that he had gathered and burned his brother's standing corn, and pulled up his fish snares; and asked what should be done to the false brother with a snake's heart? And thereupon the brother aforesaid, against whom all these terrible charges were made, was fallen upon in make-belief punishment, which would have been any thing but make believe to anybody but an iron-framed squat—tut—we mean Indian. His heart was supposed to be cut out and his scalp to be cut off, and divers other pleasant divertisements were enacted upon his supposed-to-be suffering body.

"Who are these people?" inquired the lawyer.

"Well," answered the Land Officer, who was not green in the West, "I allow that I don't know—but may be if you could find some of the squatters who were here to-day, they perhaps might tell you."

"What do they mean by this nonsense?"

"Wall—it *does* look like nonsense, stranger, that's a fact, and here again I must allow I can't say. But if you'll just close this here bargain, I don't know anybody in these diggins who is more likely to find out than you."

"Is there no force here to protect an American citizen?"

"There's a heap of force to Fort Independence, a hundred miles down, but I reckon, stranger, you've an idea of building barracks for them on the Big Muddy, where you are going to buy, and to get them to 'list for life?"

The Indians were by this time seated in a knot, and chattering in a worse than Pottawatomie tongue over a half-barrel of whiskey. Two younger ones soon joined them with a split tree trunk, some fifteen feet in length; and the whole group fell to work upon it, preparing, with their knives and hatchets, one edge, as if to cut cheese. There was an odd twinkle in Jonathan Smiley's eyes, as the work proceeded. Mr. Berry looked sad, but still said nothing.

"What is that?" inquired the lawyer.

"Why," answered the Land Officer, "that is what in these diggins they call a rail; you come from the big settlements, and what they call such things thar, I can't say."

And now the culprit Indian was placed astride, and the rail raised upon the shoulders of the others, amid a tremendous whoop, but certainly with rather more gentleness than would have been done in a *bona fide* transaction. The young speculator's agent waited no longer; but with a very ill grace, resigned his bargain.

The tract was entered in the names of Mr. Berry and Jonathan Smiley, and the amateur Indians suddenly disappeared.

"Mr. Underwood!" said Jonce, coming forward and offering his hand.

Henry Underwood, for it was indeed the Deacon's son, feared to do less than take the offered hand, but declared at the same time that he could not recollect our hero.

"Probably not," said Jonce. "It's a long time since we met—but perhaps you'll remember Jonce Smiley!"

"Perfectly, now," said Underwood; "but it strikes me you are in a lawless business!"

"Silence, stranger, on that just now, and just here. If you'll take a woodman's invite, you'll spend the night with us, and we'll talk it all over at our leisure."

"But my money—"

"Is a great deal safer here than it would be in Philadelphia. I'll answer for that with my life. It isn't a wholesome country for thieves, where Indians, such as you've seen, haunt the woods."

By this time, the squatters had reappeared. Underwood was sure that he saw some red "grim" imperfectly removed from their faces, and he noticed that they made very free with the late Indians' whiskey, and furthermore, that they seemed to be laughing and chatting together, just as if they had been figuring in something over which they could not laugh sufficiently. But he was wise enough to hold his tongue; and rode behind Jonce to Berry's Squat, hereafter to be known in this history as Berrysville.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

A FINE GROWING CHAPTER, ENDING WITH AN UNTIMELY FROST FOR PELTIAH PERKINS'S SON JOHN.

Our story grows older, and so, of course, do Deacon Abijah Underwood, and Peltiah Perkins, and Peltiah's son John, and the Deacon's handmaid Margaret. The latter had become sole and sufficient manageress of the Deacon's household; and always once a day, and sometimes twice, at morn and eve, the Deacon, in his fervid and somewhat lengthy prayer, begged that Heaven "would remember in mercy the maiden, who was unto thine unworthy servant even as a daughter." Never was daughter more devoted and grateful, never was father more sincere and pure in his affection than was Deacon Abijah Underwood for our heroine. Perhaps he was the more attached to her, because that his son Henry not only "hadn't some how the faculty to seem to do, and to get along like some folks," but was sadly deficient in respect and kindness for his parent; seeming to regard him rather as a bank, and himself, the son, as a Director, who had the privilege of borrowing whenever he could get it, and charging the loan to "sundries."

But the biggest pond will, after a while, run dry, if there is a continual out-going, and no in-running. By his expenses while studying law, and his increased expenses while he professed to practice it in a town near Hardscrabble, Henry Underwood reduced his father's capacity to help him, until the old gentleman was hardly able to help himself. The truth was, that Henry had a great many expensive amusements. In Summer, he rode on horseback with the ladies; in Winter, he got up large sleighing parties; he was *ex officio* manager of country balls, and this, by the way, brings us to the heaviest item of his immoderate expenses. He had taken a fancy that nothing could be cleverer than to be a soldier captain, but as he saw no very sure, short, or direct path to such preferment through any channel then existing, he determined to make a path for himself, to hew out a road to the glory, and walk into it. His hewing, by the way, he did not propose to do in any blood-thirsty manner, but by the more peaceable mode of erecting a company of fair weather soldiers from among the rough material existing in the town where his office was situated, and where, by a legal fiction, he was supposed to practice law. As he agreed to become responsible for the equipments of all who could not pay "just then," it did not take long to place him at the head of the Bungtown Jefferson Guards; and now behold Capt. Henry Underwood at the very height of his ambition, ordering uniform drills once every week, and quotidian undress exercises. Nothing ever was like it—the Captain was in his glory, and each individual volunteer soldier felt that the whole destinies of the Republic had now indeed begun to press upon his shoulders.

Capt. Unnerwood, with the good of his corps at heart, made frequent visits to the metropolis, to learn fencing and tactics, pugilism having been a prior acquirement, and one of his classical studies. While mentioning his accomplishments, it is proper also to say that he was no poor violinist, and that he had also a very fair idea of the accomplishment of wrestling. But neither soldiering, junketing, fencing, wrestling or fiddling, made the country people fancy him an exceedingly good lawyer; and when his father did send some cases to him, and the Squire, his father's friend, undertook to throw into the Captain's hands a portion of the practice which age induced him to wish to relinquish, that practice fell into hands already filled with swords, scabbards, fencing foils and fiddle-bows—to say nothing of the milling gloves, and the nine-pin alley balls. Of course the cases fell through or went by default, clients fell off, and Capt. Henry Underwood, Esq., fell back more frequently than ever, upon what he considered his military chest, his father's strong box.

But, as we said before, the biggest pond, continually lowered without refilling, will run out. The Deacon at last found himself left with but a few hundreds of ready cash in the world; and this, one day, he placed in Henry's hands, saying: "Now, Henry, you've got it all—it's the prodigal son's portion, the least and the last. I've told you afore, 'not a cent more do you get,' but while there was anything to take, you've sucked it out of me. Now you've got the whole biling, you needn't come back to the kettle again."

"But, my dear father—"

"Dear your granny—don't try that wheedle, for it's no manner of use, now I tell you."

"You mustn't misunderstand me. I don't want to leave you destitute. Surely, this farm—"

"Oh, it ain't mortgaged yet; and while I live, I don't mean it shall be; and when I die, it depends upon yourself whether you get any of it to raise money on or not. You don't get the whole, any how—just remember that; and two bites to a cherry is quite a small division. You have got your destiny, and now I reckon you'll have to try whether you are to be a shiftless lout as long as you live or not!"

Henry saw that his father had told him the truth; and with many protestations of regret, and promises of amendment, he departed. His jig was up in that corner of the world, and hence it happened that Jonce and the reader have the pleasure of meeting him at Berrysville. Leaving him there, we return to Hardscrabble, and to the very time when Henry received his last donation, as above related.

Peltiah Perkins's son John had now grown quite a man in his way. He could cut as big a swathe with his scythe, and drop and cover as many potatoes as any man in the Township; and what, perhaps, contributed as much to his own good opinion of himself, as all the rest put together, he could take his morning dram, his eleven o'clock and his four oclocker, with a punctuality unexceeded. He was about to enter the Deacon's bar-room to perform one branch of this duty, when he overheard, through an open window, the conversation between father and son, which we have given. As he stirred up his Santy-Crooce, as he called it, he thought to himself, "two bites to a cherry—not a bad nor a blighted one, nyther. Wonder if I can't get my teeth in on one side, somehow? Margaret is not bad looking"—at that instant she passed, and smiled in astonishment at what Peltiah's hopeful son intended for an affectionate leer, he, of course, mistaking her look for a glance of love reciprocatory. "She looks as if she'd have me—but then, again, she might not—there's no knowing." And he said aloud, "A leetle drop of Stoughton's bitters in here, Deacon, if you please."

The glass tossed off, as Yankees invariably do, as if it had been a portion of disagreeable physic, to be swallowed in a hurry before it was smelled, Peltiah's son went forth to meet Peltiah the father. On his way out he met Margaret, and honored her with another look, in addition to which he hazarded the remark, that it was fine "growing weather." "To grow fools," Margaret was tempted to add, but forbore. The girl had been attacked with attentions by every young man in town, Peltiah's son John excepted; and she perceived, from experience in such matters, that he was about to try his turn—but what led him to it, she could not imagine, just then. She had uniformly rejected all—not that she was romantic enough to suppose that she was keeping a true heart for Jonce, and that he on his part was preserving a heart to match, for her. She had outgrown such childish nonsense; but although she did not perhaps know it, his ideal did fill her thoughts when she least fancied it; that is, the abstract ideal of such a man as Jonce would be likely to make—for her practical memory of him was as a boy whom everybody abused, while she, when a child, loved and defended him.

Many days and many weeks indeed passed, during which Peltiah and his son John held frequent conversations on the subject of John's projected attachment. They satisfied themselves of the pecuniary advantages of the scheme, could it but be consummated; and the only study was, how to commence the attack, and whether to make the first demonstration on the Deacon's blind side, or that of his ward, Margaret. An accident at length decided the plan of a campaign which had puzzled the two tacticians so severely. Meanwhile John kept up his ogling at Margaret, and his sententious passing remarks, till he brought her fully to the opinion that he was exactly the most disagreeable brute she had ever encountered.

There came to Hardscrabble, in a Boston paper, in the shape of "Extract of a letter from the West," an account of the frustrated speculation recorded in the preceding chapter. The writer professed to be neutral, while, in fact, he was one of the very speculators foiled by the sturdy squatters. The thing was said to be done under the directions of two desperate men, named Jonathan Smiley, and —— Berry; and the lengths to which Lynch-law were carried were represented to be equal to the length of two ropes, one round the purchaser's neck, the other encircling the carotid of the Land Officer, accompanied with a threat to run both up, if the sale was not cancelled. The letter ended with an emphatic query, "can our Government permit such things?" The reader very well well understands that no "such things" occurred; and as to what did then, and does still happen, the only remedy Government has, is to defend by law the claims which the pioneers of the forest otherwise defend without.

The Deacon's faith in Jonce was considerably shaken by this highly wrought story, till he consulted Margaret, and she said she should believe nothing until she heard the other side—Captain Underwood's name being, by the way, unmentioned in the letter—rather a sign that he did know who wrote it, than that he did not! But Peltiah Perkins and his son John fattened each an inch on the ribs at the narrative, and the wisdom of father and son decided that here was the very introduction so long desired, to the siege of Deacon Underwood's Margaret, by Peltiah Perkins's son John.

Accordingly, that very evening, after family prayers at the Deacon's, Margaret was struck aghast by Jonh's apparition. His hair laboriously waxed down, his boots well greased, his Sunday-go-to-meeting-coat on, of a week-day evening, all were signs indubitable of the purpose of his visit. Margaret certainly felt no palpitation of the heart thereat, but she did feel a palpitation of the fingers, for she longed most earnestly to box his ears. The Deacon, a malicious old rogue, sure that he should leave his friend Peltiah's hopeful in good hands, retired that night a full half hour earlier than his wont.

Margaret's blood boiled with indignation while John recapitulated, aggravated and paraphrased the story of the day. Her thoughts ran back to the time at which Jonce left Hardscrabble years before, and the mean-spirited lie told by this same John on that occasion. She recollected, too, how his father, at the occasional good reports which came from Jonce during his absence, had striven to contradict and annul them; and while she could not trust her tongue to defend Jonce, had she cared for John's good opinion, she longed to have him open the preliminaries of his business, that she might bring his stay and his hopes to a speedy period. But the crafty suitor had no intention to give her that opportunity.

There came, at last, a pause in the conversation; or, rather, in John's malicious volubility, for Margaret had said nothing. She waited till out of all patience for him to say *the* word—but he wouldn't. "Beautiful roses, them out there," at last he remarked.

"Beautiful," said Margaret. "Why can't you go out and get me one, Mr. Perkins?"

"Now, how kind-a-cool that Mister is," said the lover. "Say John, and I will."

"Do, then, John, that's a good fellow!"

The delighted John went out at three bounds, fully determined to venture on a kiss as he presented the flower. He gathered a handful, and snatched a blushing peony by the way; but if he found no thorns on the bush, he found one at the door. It was shut, and fastened, and he on the wrong side, and without his hat. He heard Mag laugh at the open window.

"Now, come, there, I say," he said, advancing toward her—"this *is* upwards of considerable too darned bad"—

She chucked his hat in his face, and closed the window. A moment after, he saw her light in her chamber. He picked up a stone, but recollecting that there was no Jonce in town to lay the broken glass to, contented himself with *accidentally* breaking down Margaret's pet Burgundy rose-bush with his clumsy heel, and went home with the strings of the bag to hold, and two fleas in each ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellany.

THE "GOLDEN" WEDDING-DAY.

Just fifty years have passed away,
Since last I stood where now I stand;
And quickly as the sunbeams, gay,
On gilded wings flit o'er the land,
Have seemed to glide these years away,
Till now, my "golden" wedding-day.

The dark clouds of adversity
My path have often shadowed o'er,
And only gloom appeared to me;
But then Prosperity ope'd its store,
And poured its light upon my way,
As on *this* "golden" wedding-day.

The earth looks fairer now to me,
The sky seems of a lovelier hue;
The birds to sport with greater glee,
And warble joyous lays, all new;
The sun to pour a brighter ray,
On this, my "golden" wedding-day.

My heart feels just as young this time—
Although old age is drawing near—
As when my life was at its prime;
And, oh! how joyous seems this year.
Let all be happy now, I say,
For 'tis my "golden" wedding-day.

Let all assemble round my hearth,
And joyful words and welcome flow;
Let every hour be ruled by mirth,
And all their songs of joy bestow;
And let me kindly wish and pray,
For each, a "golden" wedding-day.

And by the changeless love immense,
Of Him who holds at His command
All pow'rs and all intelligence,
Within a fairer, brighter land,
We all, I trust, assembled, may
Enjoy a holier wedding-day.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The Hon. Gideon Welles, in the December *Galaxy*, gives a long and serious chapter on "The History of Emancipation." He traces the idea of the proclamation of freedom as it culminated in necessity and passing through Mr. Lincoln's mind, and describes the Cabinet meeting in which the preliminary proclamation was read. The President said that "not till all other measures and expedients failed had he come to the conclusion that this element, which was arbitrarily used against us, must be brought into the Union cause."

Having reached that conclusion, his decision was fixed and unalterable. The act and all its responsibilities were his alone. He had prepared the paper which he was again about to read without advice or assistance—had pondered over it for weeks, and been more confirmed in the rectitude of the measure as time passed on. There had been moments when he felt awed and overwhelmed by the gravity and magnitude of the subject and of what might follow, but his way was now clear—he knew he was right. Among other things, he said, in a subdued tone, he had looked to a Higher Power for aid and direction. He had made a vow that if God gave us the victory in the impending battle, he would receive it as an indication of the Divine Will that it was his duty to go forward in the work of emancipation. In a manner half apologetic, he said this might seem strange, but there were occasions when, uncertain how to proceed—when it was not clear to his mind what he should do—he had in this way submitted the disposal of a subject to a Higher Power, and abided by what seemed the Supreme Will. Events at Sharpsburg had confirmed and strengthened his original purpose in regard to emancipation, and he had no hesitation in issuing this preliminary order; the States interested would decide for themselves as to its consummation.

This was not the only occasion when he manifested the peculiar faith or traits here exhibited. It was doubtless to be attributed, in a great measure, to the absence of early religious culture—a want of educational advantages in his youthful frontier life. In the wilderness of Indiana fifty years ago there were few churches, and only an occasional wandering preacher furnished the sparse population with rude religious instruction. Although his early opportunities for religious improvement had been few, there was deep-seated within him a feeling of dependence and trust in that Supreme Intelligence which rules and governs all.

ANNA DICKINSON says that it is as much as she can do to resist tilting her chair back and putting her feet on the window sill. Our only objection is that her shoes might fall off and kill some innocent horse standing under the window.

BROOKLYN believes that Sodom and Gomorrah were naughty places.

POSTING AN OLD COUPLE ON HISTORIC SPOTS.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

On the train the other day were a very confiding old man and a very innocent old lady. They had passed away five-sixths of their lives hidden away behind the hills of Vermont, and were going to Western Michigan on a visit to their son. After a little skirmishing round, the old gentleman pitched into me about the "crops," "sile," and the weather, and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as we rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out, Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place where they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada with them told him to look out for the battle field of Braddock's defeat as soon as he left Detroit.

I was going to reply that the young man was an infernal liar, but the old lady seemed to have set her heart on seeing the spot, and the old man was so anxious, that I could not bear to disappoint them. When we got down into the woods, I pointed out the "battle-field," and they put their heads out of the windows and took in the scene.

"Think of it, Hanner!" exclaimed the old man, as he drew in his head; "think of them Injuns creeping through them woods and shooting Mr. Braddock down dead!"

"My soul!" replied the old lady, seemingly overcome at the idea, and she kept her eyes on the woods until I thought she would twist her neck off.

We got along all right for about five miles more, and then the old man wanted to know if we weren't down pretty near the spot where Tecumseh fell.

"Where what?" I yelled, and he said that the same young man had informed him that the railroad ran close to the identical spot where the great Indian warrior fell and slept.

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' Sam-oel if ye'll point out the spot!" urged the old lady, placing her hand on my arm.

How could I go back on what that brazen young man had said? The old folks had made up their minds to see the spot, and if I didn't show it to them they might worry for weeks, and they might think the young man had lied, or that I wasn't posted in the historic spots of my own State. Lor' forgive me, but about a mile further on I pointed out a hill, and said:

"Behold the last resting place of the great Tecumseh!"

"Think of it, Hanner—just think of it!" exclaimed the old man; "right there is where they got him!"

"Mercy! but it don't seem possible!" she ejaculated, and she had to get her snuff box before she could recover from the shock.

The old gentleman said he had a particular interest in seeing the spot, because he knew the man who killed Tecumseh—used to live right by him.

"He must have been an awful Injun!" broke in the old lady, "for the young man said he didn't die till they had cut off his head, and feet, and hands, and blowed the body up with a barrel of powder!"

I wanted to get away after that, fearing that something worse was coming, but she insisted upon my taking a pinch of snuff, and so I kept my seat. We were just beyond Brighton, when the old man came at me like a steamboat, with:

"Now, then, how fur is it to the spot where they found the Babes in the Woods?"

I wanted to get out of it, but how could I? That young man had deliberately lied to those nice old folks, and I hadn't the moral courage to tell 'em so, and thus had to make a liar of myself. It's awful to deceive any one, especially a good old man, and a fat and motherly old lady, on their way to the tomb.

"That's—yes—that's the spot!" I said, as we came to a dark piece of woods.

"Think o' that, Hanner!" he said, his head out of the window; "think of them babies being found in there!"

"Yes, it was fearful!" she replied—"seems as if I could almost see them stubbing about in there now!"

There was another historic spot of which the youg man had told them, but they had forgotten it, and I was never more thankful. They kept quiet until the brakeman yelled out "Lansing," and then the old man bobbed up and exclaimed:

"Lansing—Lansing—why, here's where they hung Tom Collins, ain't it?"

He explained that Tom Collins, a Chicago desperado, had murdered eleven old women, and drank their blood for his liver complaint, and after being hunted for miles and miles, had at length been captured at Lansing, cut to pieces by the infuriated populace, and then left hanging to a tree.

I had to point out the tree. It was a tree near the depot, and the tail of a kite had lodged in its branches.

"There's whar they hung him, Hanner!" said the old man, stretching his neck.

"And there's some o' his shirt left yet!" exclaimed the old lady; and as I backed out of the car, the good old man was remarking that he was going to ask the train boy if he didn't have the pamphlet life of Tom Collins, so that they could get further particulars. M. QUAD.

Death of the Original "Arkansas Traveller."

Yesterday afternoon our city was shocked over the news of the death of Col. Sandy Faulkner, who died at his residence on the corner of Commerce and Fifth streets, 2 o'clock, of gastric fever.

It is well known throughout the Southwest that Col. Faulkner was the original personator of the "Arkansas Traveller," and it was his pride to be known as such. The story, it is said, was founded on a little incident which occurred in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State in company with the Hon. A. H. Sevier, Gov. Fulton, Chester Ashley and Gov. Yell. One day, in the Boston mountains, the party approached a squatter's for information of the route, and Col. "Sandy" was made spokesman of the company, and it was upon his witty responses the tune and story were founded. On the return to Little Rock a grand banquet was given in the famous bar-room which used to stand near the Anthony House, and Col. "Sandy" was called on to play the tune and tell the story. Afterwards it grew in popularity. When he subsequently went to New Orleans, the fame of the "Arkansas Traveller" had gone before him, and at the banquet, amid clinking glasses and brilliant toasts he was handed a violin by the Governor of Louisiana and requested to favor them with the favorite Arkansas tune. At the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing in gilt letters over the door, "Arkansas Traveller."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

An Ancient Corpse.

A Prince Edward Island correspondent gives what purports to be the particulars of the finding a corpse, supposed to be that of Sam Belding, a sailor, who died a hundred years ago, and of whom there are traditions afloat on the Island. A man was plowing in his field, when suddenly his team was brought to a stand-still by some hard substance. A neighbor happened to be in the field at the time, and the two men with pick and shovel, soon unearthed what had the appearance of a human form, wrapped in some dark kind of matted stuff, and liberally covered with pitch. The two men opened the awful looking package, and found it to contain the remains of an ancient mariner, with clothes in a good state of preservation. There was a striped vest or shirt, buff breeches, or a skirt of a curious kind of material; a red woolen cap; on the feet was a pair of jack boots; around his waist was a bag with ancient daggers and pistols. Upon examination it was found that the material which enveloped the body was composed of birch bark and coal tar, which rendered the package hermetical. In a little iron box, enclosed with the body, were some silver coins of the reign of Queen Anne.

AT a recent sale in Zieglersville, Berks County, Pa., a wagon was sold that had been standing long enough in one place to permit a walnut tree about five inches in diameter to grow up through the bed of the wagon.

THERE is a man in Dubuque who is so afraid of hydrophobia that he keeps his hat full of memoranda how to proceed in case he is bitten.

SEPTEMBER.

The brown leaves rustle in the wind,
And golden is the oak-tree's crown,
The red beech drops her ripen'd mast,
And chestnut husks come showering down.

September's kiss is on the woods,
And garner'd is Pomona's wealth;
The squirrel thinks of Winter rest,
Begins to store his nuts by stealth.

Gone are the roses, crimson flowers
That crown'd the virgin brow of June;
And where the nightingale hath sung,
The robin pipes his mellow tune.

One touch of frost is on the blades
Of grass, beneath the forest-tree;
Close in his lair the dormouse lies,
And nestled in her cell, the bee.

The last geraniums still shed
On manor-lawn a scarlet glow;
The queen chrysanthemum hath donn'd
Her robes of Winter—rose and snow.

The latest breath of Summer stirs
Upon the leaves and in the air;
It shakes the cones amid the firs,
And straight is gone, we know not where.

So oft a gleam of sunshine past,
Restores again in man's last days:
Summer and Winter smiles and tears—
Wiser than ours are Heaven's ways.

THE AMERICAN CAUCUS.

An Historical-Political Monography by Dr. Loring.

The caucus, as it is well known, is of American origin, and was first organized during the stormy political days that preceded the breaking out of the American Revolution. At that time popular deliberation with regard to the qualification of candidates to be supported at the polls for popular offices was considered of the highest importance; and for this purpose, as well as for discussion of the exciting questions of the day, meetings were held, more or less formal in their character, in which men and measures were freely handled. There is no doubt that we owe much to Samuel Adams for this part of our political machinery; and, considering the purity of his character and loftiness of his purpose, we have a right to infer that the design of this organization was to enlighten the people with regard to their duties, and to furnish them with the best means of protecting their rights and privileges. The suggestion of this plan Samuel Adams had undoubtedly received from his father, whom he had probably attended in his childhood and youth at such meetings, and from whom both in public and private he had drawn so much of his inspiration as a powerful, popular leader; for we are told by a cotemporary of his that:—

"More than fifty years ago, Mr. Samuel Adams' father and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town where the ship business was carried on, used to meet, make a caucus, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. When they had settled it, they reported, and used each his particular influence with their own circle. He and his friends would furnish themselves with ballots, including the names of the parties fixed upon, which they distributed on the days of the election. By acting in concert, together with a careful and extensive distribution of the ballots, they generally carried the elections to their own mind. In like manner it was that Mr. S. Adams became a representative from Boston.

John Adams frequently alludes to these meetings as exerting great power for good in his day, and it is generally conceded that through the instrumentality of the caucus, as managed by John and Samuel Adams, John Hancock was induced to take the stand in behalf of the freedom of the American people and colonies, which has given his name an immortal place in our history. The caucus, indeed, was the nursery of American independence. The importance which attached to the caucus in the revolutionary period of our country continued through the trying years of constitutional debate, and during that era in which two powerful controlling parties, which have divided our people during almost our entire history, laid down the principles for which they contended with so much vigor and with such varying fortunes. From the caucus sprang the declaration of party faith; from the caucus went forth numerous appeals to those in authority for the good of the country; from the caucus the name of candidates for State and national offices, legislative and executive, were sent forth to the people. From local affairs it advanced to State and national; and as the sphere was enlarged, and the range of party increased with population, the caucus widened into conventions, as the best method in which selections could be made of those who should direct the policy of the country, in such manner as the popular voice expressed by the majority might dictate. It is through the caucus, either in primary form or in convention that the American people have made their utterances and selected their leaders.

This system, intended for so much good, born of so noble a cause, dedicated by a struggling people to so high a purpose, demands all the care of those into whose hands its organization falls. If the elections are to be held sacred, the caucus which provides for these elections should be sacred also. If the ballot-box should be protected, the caucus should be protected also. If the people have a right to demand an unmolested exercise of their privileges in the town-hall and ward-room, the party has a right to demand the same exercise in the caucus-room and the convention. When we consider that in these primary meetings the people find their most immediate opportunity to express their views, and that in them they meet to confer as heirs of that political faith which the caucus represents, it must be manifest that any evasion of such an assembly is a wrong, equal to a disorderly invasion of a church assembly, or to a violent obstruction of the fair popular expression at the polls. It is, therefore, with intense pain that your committee find it recorded against the immediate popular assembly of a free people, the temple into which our revolutionary fathers fled for protection, the school in which they learned the rudiments of freedom and free institutions, that:

"The caucus system is often converted into a contrivance for the distribution of offices among men more distinguished in intrigue than for talent, who, by combination and mutual support, and by serving each other's turns, are often raised to offices, and sometimes very high ones, for which, apart from a caucus nomination, they would hardly have been thought of as candidates."

A Defeated Candidate.

A sociable Lincoln County candidate, developed during the late canvass such a marvelous fondness for children, particularly when their paternal ancestors were invested with the right of suffrage, that he invited any number of fond mothers to send their littles ones to see him when the election was over. Imagine his delight, Saturday last, when sixteen well equipped detachments of vociferous, red faced babies, headed by as many smiling and complacent matrons, arrived at his house, loaded down with baggage, and prepared to stay a week. As he was defeated at the race, he did not deem it necessary to dissemble, so he bolted and barred the doors, fastened down the windows, and sent a messenger to inform the impatient and restless crowd outside that his house was his castle, and that any attempt to invade it on the strength of whatever he may have said or done during his candidacy, would be resisted unto death. The invaders thought it prudent to retire, and the desperate candidate mercifully escaped a visitation which threatened to overwhelm him.—*Fayetteville (N. C.) Express.*

WEDNESDAY a couple of lovers from that indefinite region, known as the "rural districts," were coming down Meridian street. When they reached the Circle they concluded it would save time to "cut across." In the absence of a gate, "Hank" leaped nimbly over the fence, and then gallantly helped Mariar over. Mariar was much excited by a description "Hank" gave her of "Roughwood graveyard, where the gravestones is cut in the shape of wimmen, with water spillin' all around." He probably alluded to Woodruff Place. Then they went to the corner drug-store, where Mariar demanded golden syrup in hers, but finding she couldn't get that, she thought sorghum would do as well.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

IT is nothing for Arizona girls to own five thousand head of cattle and ten thousand sheep; but pause, young man. She stumps around barefooted, spits through her teeth, and plays a "lone" hand of euchre.